

Tempora et Mores

1946

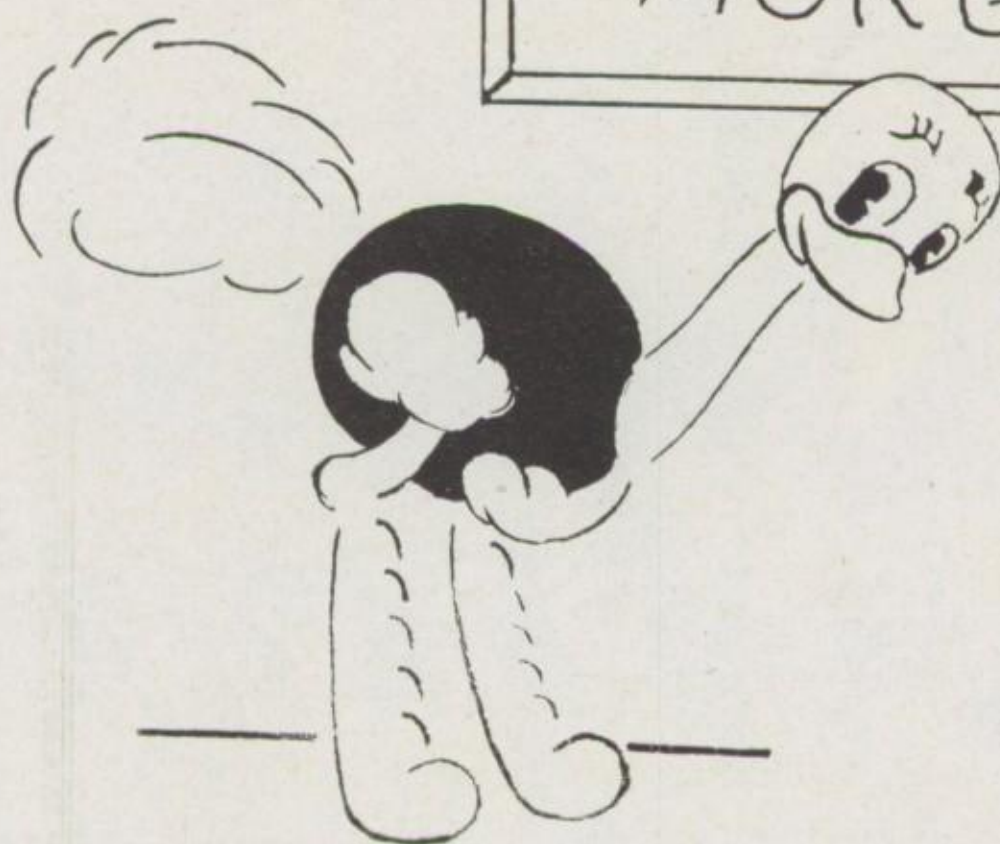
Carol Myggatt

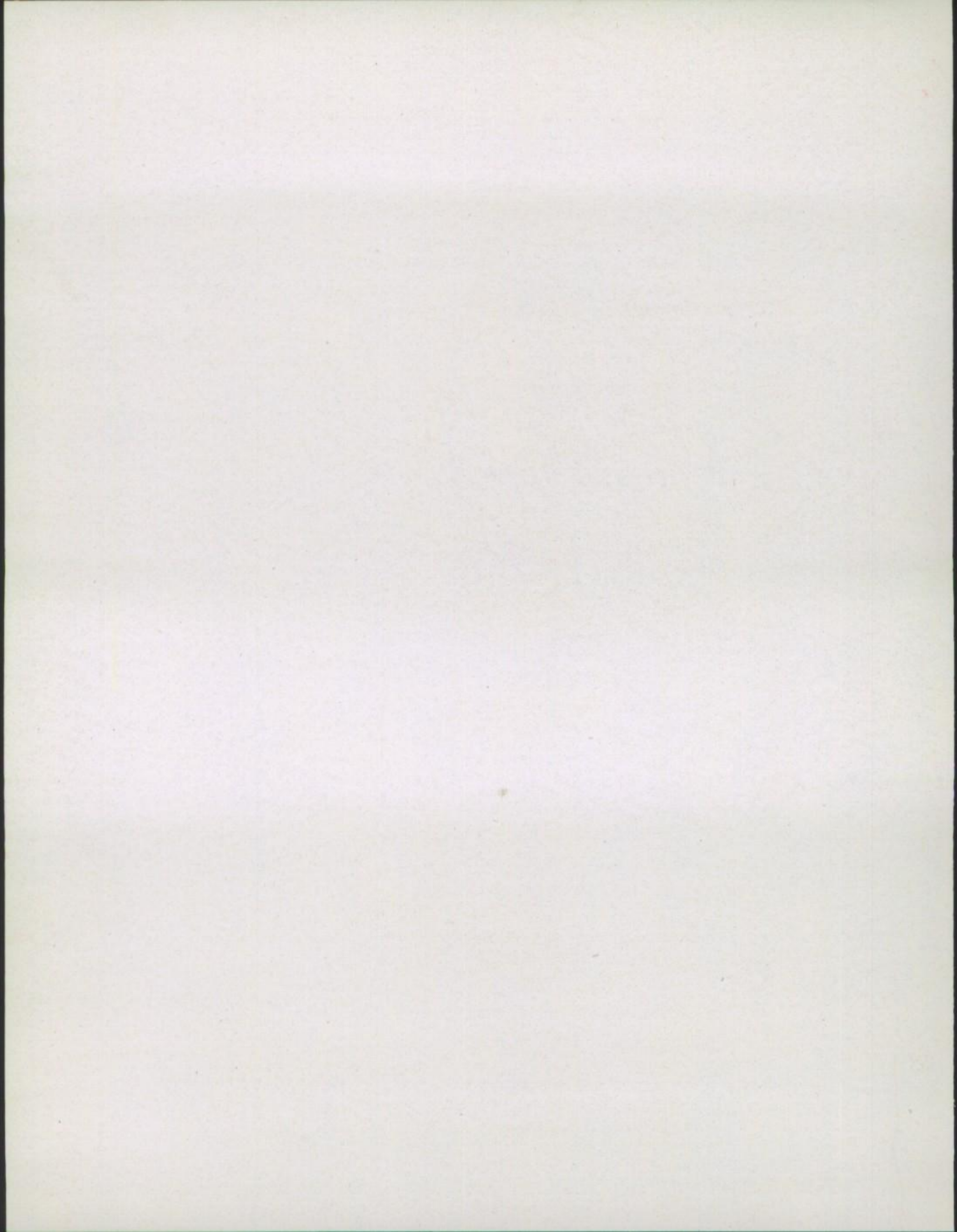


FB 2
10⁰⁰



TEMPORA
et
MORES







To Miss Hannay

$X+Y=Z$ seems an impossible equation until you supply the components; X as our class, something of a mystery; Y as You, Miss Hannay; equals Z, our wonderful, zany years at Hartridge which you have done more than your part to make wonderful. We thank you.



Faculty

Frances Hurrey
Harriet Sleeper
Barbara Hitchings
Mary B. Wells
Janet B. Fine
Barbara J. Morse
Agnes Hannay

Elizabeth Colie
Olive Ware
Juliette Escoffier
Elsie Goddard
Virginia Huyler
Jane Crowell
E. May Tennant
Mary Andrews

Mary R. Corwin
Hope Reid
Dorothy H. Lyall
Sylvia Miller
Elsie Nelson
Kathryn Ondricek
Elizabeth Stover



Student Council

Joan Kelly — President

Wesley Martin	Vice-President
Mary Valiant	Secretary-Treasurer
Mary Rock	Senior Representative
Patsy Ann Ivins	Junior Representative
Jane Scott	Sophomore Representative
Peggy Loizeaux	Freshman Representative
Frances McBride	Sub-Freshman Representative
Elsie Goddard	Faculty Representative
Frances Hurrey	Ex-Officio

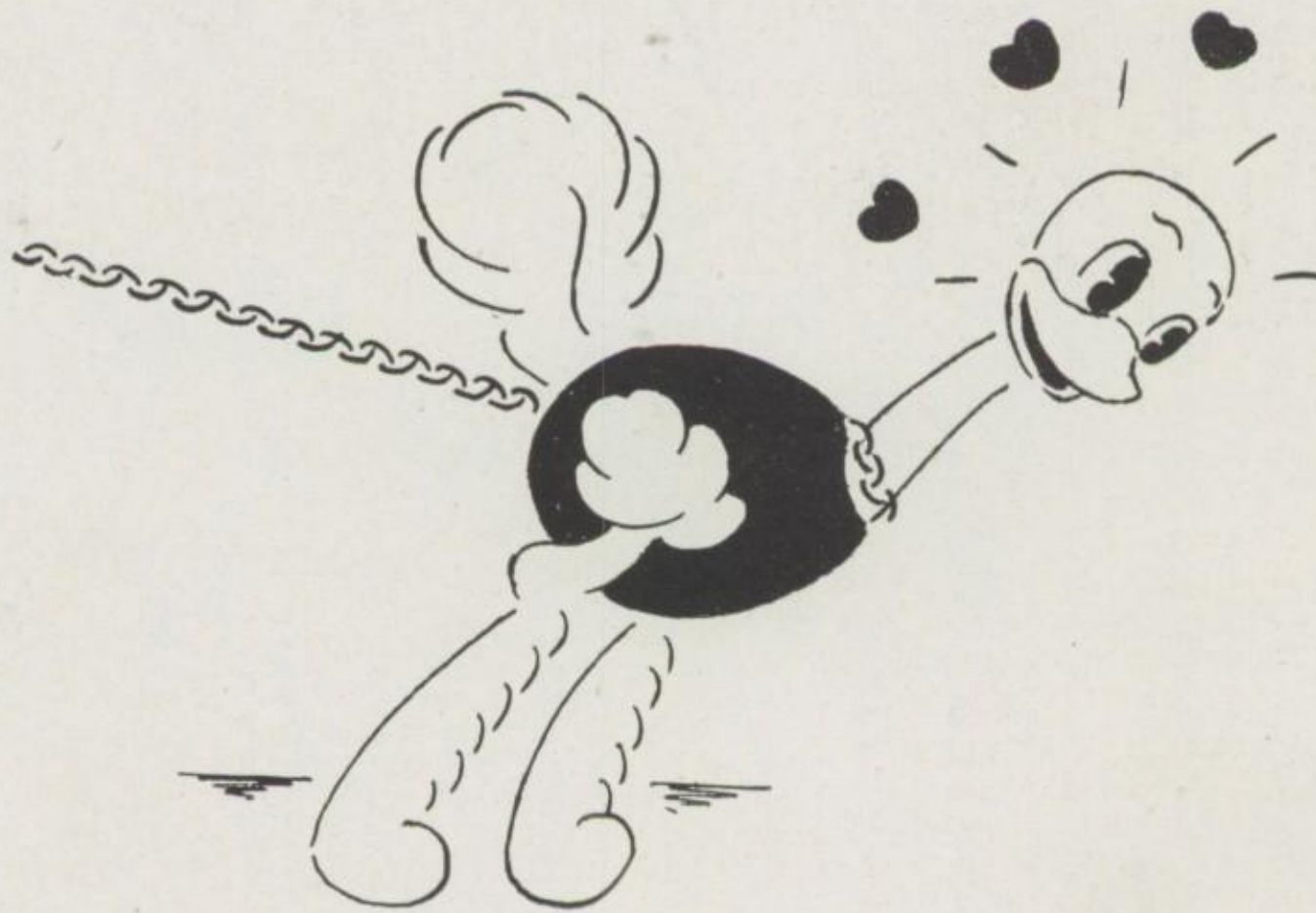


"There was a man in the hospital"

Annual Board

Editor-in-Chief	Wesley Martin
Assistant Editor	Betty Butterfoss
Business Manager	Marilyn Baker
Assistant Business Manager	Joan Kelly
Assistant Business Manager	Frances Hummel
Assistant Business Manager	Carol Mygatt
Literary Editor	Mary Rock
Assistant Literary Editor	Virginia Linke
Photography Editor	Mary Valiant
Photography Editor	Esther Borow
Art Editor	Helen Buttfield
Athletic Editor	Joan Henwood
Assistant Athletic Editor	Marjorie Bishop
Assistant Athletic Editor	Sara Wills

SENIORS





Class History

THE RAVING

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak September
And each kindergarten member threw her blocks upon the floor.
While Val nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone loudly rapping on a solid wooden door.
"That is Buttfield," poor Val muttered, "pounding on my noggin sore.
Only this and nothing more."

Time passed by in Oakwood's hallways, as time has done almost always—
Second grade found Wills and Henny standing at the Mushroom door.
We were growing slightly bigger, learning how to read and figger,
Playing dolls and building houses as each other's hair we tore.
Teacher's life was grim and weary, but it never was a bore
With this devastating four.

Presently our frames grew stronger, we were louder now and longer.
Tiny, but efficient Wesley added to our clan one more.
We were prodded by Miss Sleeper, then our Guardian, Guide, and Keeper,
To labor, vainly labor, over things that were a bore,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
Now, alas, forgot once more.

Academic darkness fearing, long we stood there wondering, peering,
Till our Borow stood beside us with her fund of facts galore.
Rock and Didi with their crushes, and when kidded violent blushes,
Fortified our numbers, bravely, as we entered the last door
Led by Fine and Wells and Hurrey, deep dark mysteries to explore—
And remember, nevermore.

Then we struggled with mathematics, logarithms, and quadratics,
Joined by energetic Marl and by Joannie—What a roar!
Hummel, then, and also Ginny, then the lanky, long, and skinny
Butter added the last members to the class that onward tore—
To be Seniors, gallant Seniors, getting by—but little more.
Just a **very** little more.

Though we wait with breath that's bated for the day we're graduated
And we think that a diploma is the thing we'd most adore,
When our living we are winning, or the baby's diapers pinning,
We will think with fond remembrance of the days that are no more
And we'll wish that we were back there at the Hartridge School front door.
But we will be, nevermore.

H. S. B. '46

Dear Cass -
 That good old Library Committee - You
 gave away some of our pet secrets though.
 I guess you'll have to think up some
 more - Good luck with "Horse Nose"

Love,
 Marl

MARILYN SPEIR BAKER

"Slats" "Marl" "Lynn"

1500 Charlotte Road
 Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1942 Bennett Junior College



Nothing great was ever achieved
 without enthusiasm.



Glee Club, '43, '44, '45, '46; President of Glee Club, '46; Dramatic Club, '43, '44, '45, '46; Art Club, '45, '46; Green Hockey, '44, '46; Class Hockey '44, '45, '46; Varsity Hockey, '46; Class Baseball, '44, '45; Class Basketball, '45, '46; Varsity Basketball, '46; President of Class, '44; Treasurer of Class, '46; Library Committee, '44, '45, '46; Treasurer of Library Committee, '45; Chairman of Library Committee, '46; Chairman of Tin Can Committee, '45; Assistant Business Manager of Annual, '45; Business Manager of Annual, '46; Dance Committee, '46.

Dear Carol,
Will you ever forget those days at Country
Day School and at the Y.W.C.F. Summer camp?

I'm going to miss you all next year. This is
all slightly disconnected,
but I'm rather addled at
this point.



MARJORIE LAURA BISHOP

Loads of luck to you,
"Didi" "Digit" "Blip" Carol.

831 Madison Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Love,
Didi

Entered 1941

Vassar

Sober, but not sad; quiet, but not idle.

Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Art Club, '43,
'44, '45, '46; Green Hockey, '44, '45; Green Basket-
ball, '44; Class Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Class
Basketball, '43, '44; Class Baseball, '44, '45; Athletic
Representative, '46.



ESTHER IVY BOROW

"Es"

934 Park Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1942

Bryn Mawr



Eat, drink, and be merry,
for tomorrow we diet.



Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club, '43, '44, '45, '46; Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club, '45, '46; Librarian of Glee Club, '46; Class Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Class Basketball, '42, '43, '44, '46; Class Baseball, '42, '43, '44, '45; Student Council Representative, '44; Vice-President of the Class, '46; Photography Editor of the Annual, '46; Junior Varsity Hockey, '46.

Dear Coz -
 I hope you make out better than I did; however,
 we, in the same family, all could be smart -
 It has been nice getting to know you better -
 Sincerely Carol, I wish you best success in all -
 Especially love -

Jane
 Butter

ELIZABETH EMILY BUTTERFOSS

"Butter"

48 Bonnell Street
 Flemington, New Jersey

Entered 1944

Skidmore



Leave silence to the gods; I'm but human.

Class Hockey, '45, '46; Class Baseball, '45; Varsity
 Hockey, '46; Dramatic Club, '46; White Baseball,
 '45; Assistant Editor of Annual, '46.



HELEN STEVENS BUTTFIELD

"Burphy" "Steve"

7 Myrtle Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1933

Wellesley



Hold the fort! I am coming!



Class Hockey, '44, '45; Class Basketball, '43; Varsity Hockey, '46; Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club, '45, '46; Art Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; President of the Art Club, '46; Library Committee, '44, '45, '46; Secretary-Treasurer of the Library Committee, '46; Chairman Grounds and Traffic Committee, '45; Assistant Literary Editor of the Annual, '45; Art Editor of the Annual, '46; Secretary of the Class, '42.

Carol dear -

Good Lord I don't know where to begin with your wild remarks in Biology and getting away with them. I would just about die. Have a wonderful time next year and go on the way you are



you are a perfect riot and don't let anyone tell you different - why grow up it isn't worth it, take it from a perfect moron - Be good that is fairly good. Henry

JOAN HENWOOD

"Henny" "Joannie"

439 Randolph Road

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1936

Undecided

Little, but oh my!

Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club, '43, '44, '45, '46; Class Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '46; Varsity Hockey, '43, '44, '46; White Team Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '46; Class Basketball, '42, '43, '44, '46; White Baseball, '42, '43, '46; Athletic Association Representative, '45; President of Athletic Association, '46; Chairman of Lunchroom Committee, '45, '46; Athletic Editor of Annual, '46.



FRANCES THOMASON HUMMEL

"Fran" "Hum"

1014 Field Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1943

Lasell



Speak to her of Jacob's ladder, and
she would ask the number of rungs.



Class Hockey, '44, '45, '46; Class Basketball, '44, '45;
Class Baseball, '44, '45; Junior Varsity, '46; Red
Cross Representative, '46; Class Secretary, '46;
Assistant Business Manager, '46.

Carol old dear -
 When you get to Smith do look me
 up at Skidmore -
 Take care of good old Neal and
 Beans - do you - I mean Ben - pardon the
 insult - Be good dear - I'll miss you -

Love
 Joannie -



JOAN NICHOLSON KELLY

"Joannie"

999 Woodland Avenue
 Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1942

Skidmore

Worry kills many men — Why die?

Dramatic Club, '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club, '45, '46;
 Chairman of Assembly Committee, '45; Chairman
 of Red Cross, '45; Library Committee, '44; Green
 Baseball, '44; Class Baseball, '44, '45; Secretary of
 Class, '44; Assistant Business Manager of Annual,
 '46; President of Student Council, '46.



~~Wheat~~ Shall start again. Bretherton (that's
 still wrong) Frenchman — Boer up clear
 and just think there's only one year more
 of "But Mademoiselle! Really! All I was
 trying to do was —" you
 take it from there. You usually know

what to say —
 Shall come back
 and sit in the back
 of that class and

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH LINKE

blow divine air.

"Ginny" "Girvinia" "Link"

Smoke in your

1225 Evergreen Avenue

Plainfield, New Jersey

face while you

Entered 1943

Smith



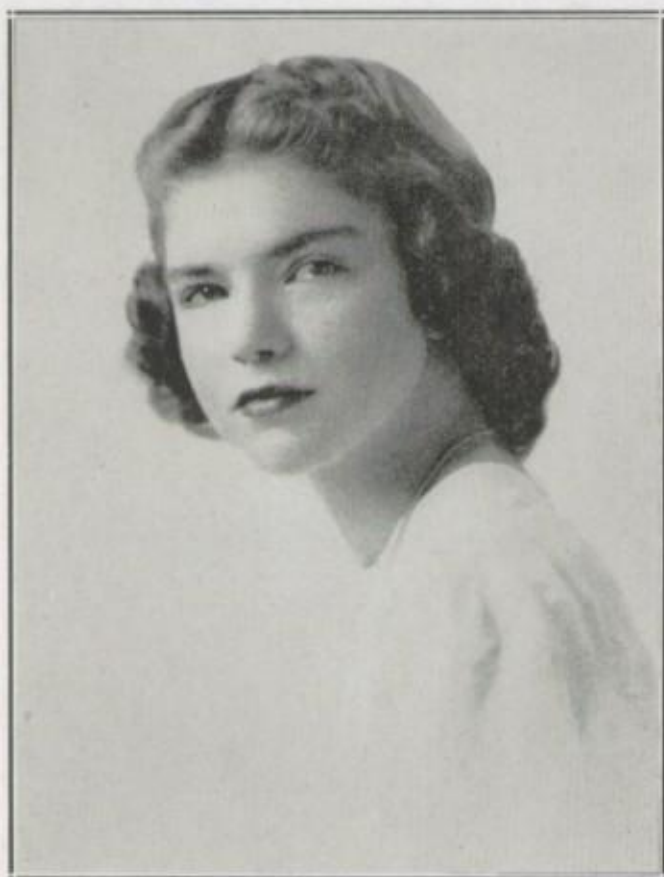
It's nice to be natural when you're
naturally nice.

haven't try to conjugate
 some fool verb.
 Shall sign off before
 you hit me over
 the head with
 your annual. Love Ginny



Student Council Representative, '45; Class Presi-
 dent, '46; Chairman of Red Cross Committee, '46;
 Chairman of Service Committee, '46; Dramatic Club,
 '45, '46; President of Dramatic Club, '46; Art Club,
 '46; Class Hockey, '45, '46; Class Baseball, '44; Assis-
 tant Literary Editor, '46.

Dean Mygatt, Write you and thoughts of you, I always
 think of dear old REDS - them were the days, as another
 will and Testament, I'll leave you George - congratulations now?



Take next year easily, and
 this of luck -

WESLEY MARTIN *Wesley*

"Wes" "Wesel"

1130 Thornton Avenue
 Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1940

Vassar

She dares to walk where angels
 fear to tread.

Class Hockey, '45, '46; Red Cross Representative,
 '44; Library Committee, '44, '45; Dance Committee,
 '44, '45, '46; Chairman of Dance Committee, '46;
 Glee Club, '45, '46; Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45,
 '46; President of Dramatic Club, '45; Secretary of
 Class, '43; President of Class, '45; Vice-President of
 Student Council, '46; Editor-in-Chief of Annual, '46.



Dear Carol- I just saw Didi's very neat writing sorry I can't
 comply. please stay cute and happy all your life, ^{you} do wonders
 to people's ego - my what mistakes for a senior - oh well -
 love, Rocket.

MARY WORTH ROCK

"Murph" "Rocket"

830 Second Place

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1941

Women's College of
 University of North
 Carolina

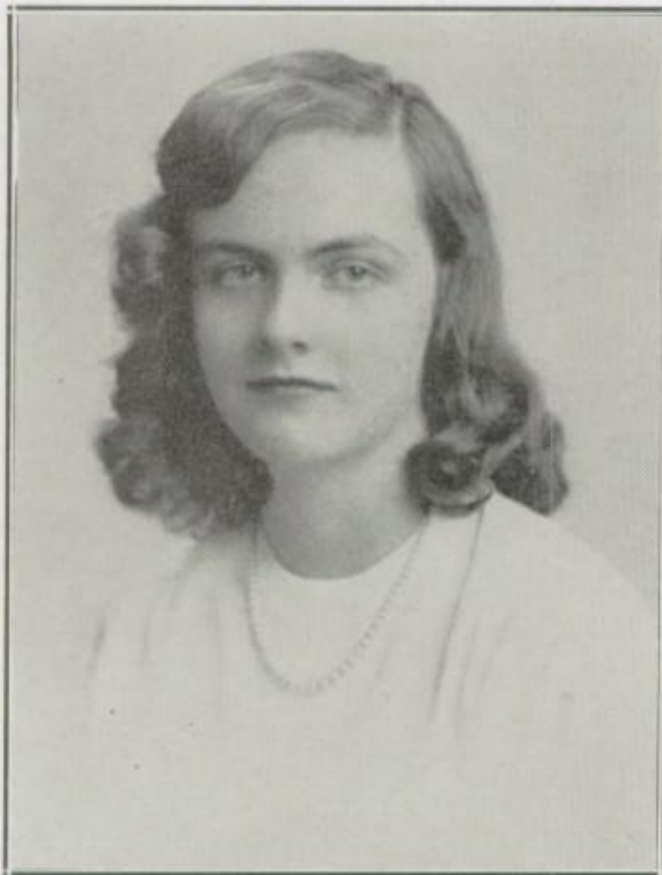


There's lots we may say of you, but
 one word will suffice, nice.



Class Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Class Softball,
 '44, '45; White Hockey, '45; J. V. Hockey, '46; White
 Softball, '44, '45; Glee Club, '45, '46; Athletic Associ-
 ation Representative, '45; Student Council Repre-
 sentative, '46; Library Committee, '45; White Team
 Captain, '46; Class President, '43.

Dear Carol, I have a lot to remember about you. A whiz, a noize and a shake. No kidding I've gotten a big kick out of you. ~~What would we do without each others brothers to drool over.~~ I understand I'm too late as far as Dave goes. Too bad Val. Better luck tomorrow.



MARY ELIZABETH VALIANT

"Val" "Valerie" "Mary Val"

1120 Putnam Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Be good
and keep
up the
fun. Load
of love, Val

Entered 1933

Wellesley

Genius means the capacity for taking trouble.

Class Basketball, '43; Class Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Class Baseball, '44, '45; Junior Varsity, '46; Dramatic Club, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club, '45, '46; Library Committee, '46; Student Council, '43; Secretary-Treasurer of Class, '45; Secretary-Treasurer of Student Council, '46; Picture Editor of Annual, '46; Chairman of Salvage Committee, '46.



SPECIAL STUDENT

SARA MORRIS WILLS

"Sue" "Wings"

1200 Martine Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1936

Undecided



—he came, she saw, Will conquer



Glee Club, '45, '46; Class Hockey, '42, '43, '45, '46;
Varsity Hockey, '46; White Team Hockey, '45; White
Team Softball, '45; Assistant Athletic Editor of the
Annual, '46.

Class Prophecy

(AP). JUNE 30, 1956.....DR. E. IVY BOROW WORLD RENOWNED SCIENTIST DISCOVERS NINETY SECOND ELEMENT BOROWNIUM.....FLASH! HER CO-INMATES AT OSSINING-ON-THE-HUDSON HAVE ELECTED "STEVE" BUTTFIELD CHIEF WARDEN FOR LIFE.....MRS. JOAN KELLY PEW WIFE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER IS KNITTING ANOTHER HALO. SHE HOPES IT WILL BE A PINK ONE THIS TIME.....THE TRUSTEES OF HARTRIDGE SCHOOL HAVE ANNOUNCED NEWLY APPOINTED HISTORY PROFESSOR DR. MARJORIE BISHOP, PH.D. LL.D. M.D. Q.X.R. HER ONLY REMARK "I MADE IT FELLERS!" FLASH "WINGS" WILLS VOTED MISS BRILLO OF 1956!..... MADAME MARL LA BAKER UNVEILED HER EXPLOSIVE NEW LIPSTICK AND NAIL POLISH SHADE "HUBBA HUBBA"BULLETIN-"HOT-COPY" LINKE HAS JUST PUBLISHED HER LATEST EYE-OPENER "MODERN WOMAN IS ABSOLUTE".....

Class Prophecy

.....JOANNIE HENWOOD POST-DEB HAS FINALLY MADE HER CHOICE AMONG HER MANY SUITORS. THE PRESS HAS NOT YET BEEN INFORMED OF HER INTENDED.....MIMI MARTIN ERST-WHILE ACTRESS BREEZED IN FROM THE WEATHER STATION TO TAKE OVER FOR CORNELL IN HER RE-REVIVAL "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET." QUOTH SHE "IT'S WET UP THERE".....EMERGENCY! NEW YORK FLOODED! FRANCES HUMMEL CUT HER HAIR....."ROCKET" TIMEOUT FAMOUS BASKETBALL COACH GOES ON THE ROAD NEXT WEEK WITH HER OWN TEAM OF RED-HEADED BROWN-EYED SONS.....NEW HOUSE MOTHER AT WILLIAMS THIS COMING YEAR WILL BE MARY VALIANT. "THAT IS HOW I FIT IN MY WEEKENDS" SAID SHE.....FLASH DOUBLE FLASH FIVES JILTED MR. X MARRIES FORMER FOUR!...
..P.S. SEE LAST PAGE OF ANNUAL.

Last Will and Testament

Article I. Didi leaves with anticipation to Joanna those dark nights at Eaglebrook.

Article II. To Ruth Ann, Henny heartbreakingly relinquishes Chester; you lucky girl!

Article III. Esther stoically hands on to the whole class her history notebook as a monument to Friday afternoons.

Article IV. On Joanie Burke, Hummel bestows the honor and distinction of having the drooliest hair and the deepest dimples.

Article V. Buttfield happily hands down her horrific cubby to that neat female, Barbara Begert; dig in, kid!

Article VI. Wills bequeaths to Dawson, though it hardly seems necessary, her Powers model figure, her attractive blondness and scatterbrainness.

Article VII. To Carol Kuentz, Mary Val leaves the tremendous privilege of banging on the milk bottles for all announcement-happy seniors.

Article VIII. Joanie Kelly wills to Mygatt a certain I.D. bracelet to clear up any remaining mysteries.

Last Will and Testament

Article IX. To the whole class, Butter leaves the BIRDSEED! !

Article X. Wes gleefully leaves to Pat Wight the privilege of taking in her stride various out-of-town week-ends.

Article XI. To Barbara Sauer, Ginny bequeaths her endless supply of little green pills, hoping they will help.

Article XII. Marl leaves to Joanie Windatt the numerous Pingry problems and pleasures.

Article XIII. To Ivins, Rock hands down her love (?) of making speeches in Assembly!

Article XIV. Last but hardly least, Mr. X just leaves



Senior Symptoms

Name	Usual Occupation	Patois	Rough Spot
Baker	Having a chat with J. B.	Ghhggggaa	Taking too much trouble
Bishop	Dodging the faculty	Awr, cut it out, fellers	Preoccupation
Borow	Counting money	Izat right?	Overabundance of facts at the wrong time
Butterfoss	Doing her homework (?)	Ashadap	Impossible!
Buttfield	Running	But I don't smoke later	Procrastination
Henwood	Talking to Mrs. O.	Oh, really?	Blaséness
Hummel	Combing her hair	Y'ole bat	Forgetfulness
Kelly	Cracking a joke	Listen, kiddo—	Talking her way out of it
Linke	Throwing wonderful parties	Ye Gods!	Reserve
Martin	Blushing	Theoretically speaking. . .	Run-it complex
Rock	Cracking her fingers	"I wanna get married"	Inferiority complex
Valiant	Getting out of sports	Oh, I don't know	Sensitiveness
Wills	Looking for Joanie	Oh, honestly!	Irresponsibility
Mr. X	Whistling	Call the plumber!	Unavailability

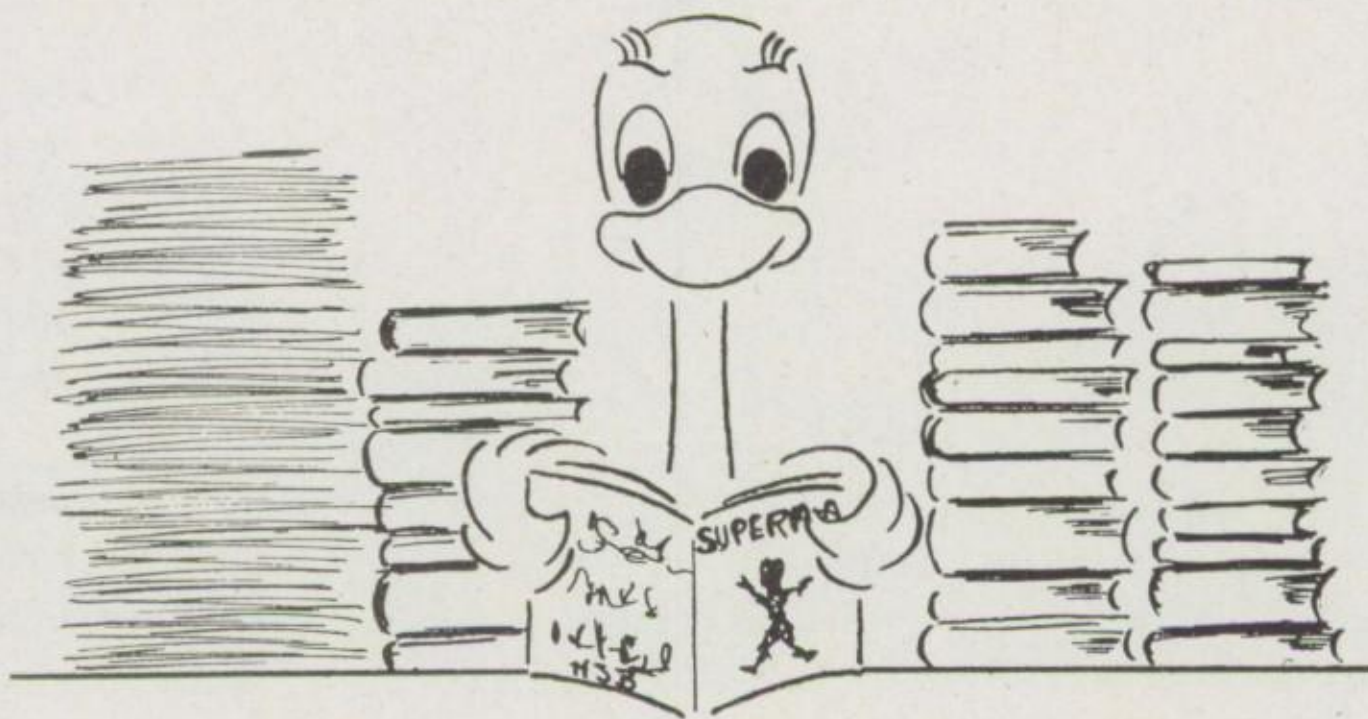
Senior Symptoms

Pet Love	Pet Hate	Saving George *	Name
Clothes	Bandannas	Eyes	Baker
Eaglebrook Jr. staff	Put-on accents	Spurts of effervescence	Bishop
Ingrid	Toast or onions	Nose	Borow
Seagrams, her dog	Obstacles	The Maroon Dodge	Butterfoss
Beer and cheese sandwiches	Chickory-chick	Wit	Buttfield
The Gay Life	Cats	Petiteness	Henwood
U.S. Coast Guard	Quack-quack	Good-naturedness	Hummel
Ministers	Ministers' wives	Quip-ability	Kelly
Dachshunds	Dripping water	Hands	Linke
All of 'em, the dears	Snakes and worms	The actress in her	Martin
Corporals	Tickling under the chin	Brown, brown eyes	Rock
D. W. B.	Martyrs	Dependability	Valiant
Things she can't have	Women!	Wow!	Wills
Seniors	Telling little girls where to get off at	Are you kidding!	Mr. X
		* Grace is sick.	

Senior Favorites

Song	"Because"
Cigarette	Chesterfield
Program	"Portia Backs Up To Life"
Sport	Swimming
Drink	Strong Stuff
Magazine	LIFE and New Yorker
Stage Actor	Harvey
Stage Actress	Margaret Sullavan
Movie Actor	Gregory Peck
Movie Actress	Ingrid Bergman
Dog	Lost 'n
New York Store	Lord and Taylor's
Orchestra	"T. D."
Tooth Paste	Irium with Miriam
Movie	"You Came Along"
School Subject	English
Flower	Gardenia
Author	Lloyd C. Douglas
Play	"The Desert Song"
Car	Zephyr
Men's College	Princeton
Soap	Palmolive, not on your Lifebuoy
Book	"The Robe"
Cosmetics	Revlon
Newspaper	Herald-Tribune
Poetess	Edna St. Vincent Millay
Poet	Robert Browning
Popular Record	Artie Shaw's "Dancing in the Dark"
Classical Record	"The Warsaw Concerto"

ACADEMIC



Dearest Carol,

I love you darling! I'm terribly
excited about the show aren't you. More
down life quads.

Love Ruth Ann



Fourth Academic

Joanna Voorhis — President

Barbara Begert

Joan Burke

Barbara Dawson

Patricia Ann Ivins

Carol Kuentz

Joan Windatt

Carol Mygatt

Ruth Ann Sansom

Barbara Sauer

Joanna Voorhis

Patricia Wight

I love you darling, but I absolutely
won't sleep in a room with a restless, snoring
person! I'll be loads of fun + can't wait!!
love + devotion,
Patricia



Third Academic

Jane Boyd — President

Jane Boyd
 Carolyn Brokaw
 Caroline Carver
 Ruth Frank
 Patricia Gray
 Patricia Laing
 Mary Major
 Helen McMurray

Anne Morrell
 Leslie Muskat
 Patricia Nash
 Virginia Rausch
 Jane Scott
 Polly Steele
 Betty Van Buren
 Joan Williams



Second Academic

Joy Mooney — President

Kathryn Barbehenn	Peggy Loizeaux
Ann Scott Chambliss	Jean McPherson
Barbara Dailey	Joy Mooney
Sprague Du Bois	Peggy Mueller
Joanne Goosman	Cynthia Olsen
Francine Jupp	Sue Randolph
Kathleen Ladd	Nancy Stirling
Magreta Volk	



First Academic

Joan Du Bois—President

Cynthia Barr

Dale Bishop

Ellen Brockway

Ann Conley

Joan Du Bois

Martha Jane McAuliffe

Frances McBride

Elizabeth Pfannmuller

Connie Pierce

Barbara Tofte

Fairfax Urner



School Calendar

September 19—Brace yourselves. School!

September 26—First assembly. The subject: summer jobs. Outstanding speakers: Miss Hannay on Walter Reed Hospital, Wes on Calco.

October 5—Friday afternoon—everyone comes back for hockey practice. You see we can co-operate.

October 8—Initiations. Barbara and Kitty prove themselves as ballerinas, and Janie's southern drawl brings roars when she stumbles through Stoopnagle. The eyes of Esther's camera take the whole thing in.

October 10—The III's, IV's and V's take preference tests. The average pupil wishes to raise washing machines on a social service farm in order to discover a pitless cherry with the help of forest rangers.

October 27—Didi said farewell gladly to a constant companion, her appendix.

October 29—Dr. Minez gave us a health talk on "vitamins." We've all given up smoking, and as for the future, who knows?

November 21—Thanksgiving Vacation. What we can't cram into our stomachs and a long week-end.

December 5—Mrs. Sidney Greenbie takes over assembly. Glamor and biological vitality become aims for all. Never let your face be dead, girls. Hollywood hasn't got anything we haven't got.

December 7—Hartridge-Pringry-Pearl-Harbor dance. Need we say more?

December 14—Christmas play—"Twas the night before Christmas Vacation, and all through the gym creatures were stirring and raising a din. Corny? But really the play was a **howling** success. Christmas Vacation—ahhhhhhhhhhhhh.

January 7—We brace ourselves again!

January 16—The sixth grade better their previous standards in their play. They are sensational.

School Calendar

January 23—Mr. Ray Foo Peng speaks to us on the World Student League in China. After breakfast, talk awhile; after lunch, sleep awhile; after dinner, walk a mile. Peanuts, and a whistle!

January 30-February 1—**EXAMS.**

January 30—English exams are over. Miss Cobbs and Pine Mountain give us a chance to relax.

February 7—Bargain Day at the Service Committee Auction with the lower school the most persistent bidders.

February 9—Lawrenceville Glee Club and dance! S'wonderfull S'marvelous! Use your imagination.

February 11—The Monday after, mail arrives c/o Hartridge.

February 13—With the help of Patsy Ann, master of ceremonies, Joanie Williams wades through stones, water, and stewed tomatoes at a hilarious Truth or Consequence program.

February 14—Feb. 14 and Valentine's Day
Brings true love—or so they say,
But gosh, gee, it don't work that way.

February 16—SKYTOP

February 20—There is no snow. Jean Steck makes it, and Esther is not spared the introduction.

February 27—We get a glimpse of nature. Thank you, Mr. Todd. But the question is: When will we get our homework done?

February 28—Silver jingles as the I's give a play for the benefit of the Service Committee. The Dramatic Club will prosper with talent next year.

March 13—We're understood at last! Dorothy Waldo Phillips spends the day with us.

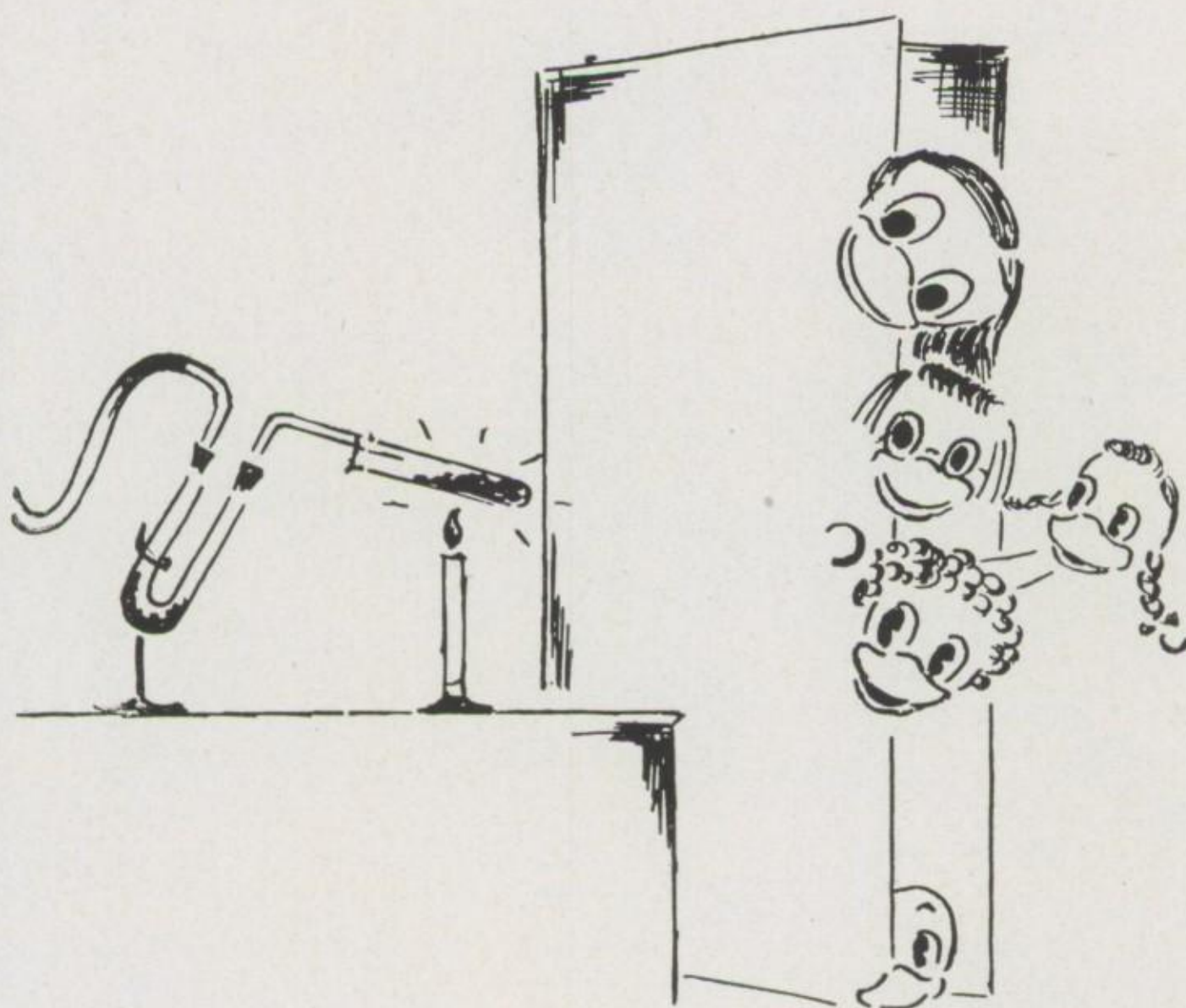
March 15—We wash our hands of the whole thing. The Annual goes to press.



As We See You

Hair	Leslie Muskat
Ability	Peggy Loizeaux
Eyes	Anne Morrell
Disposition	Helen McMurray
Nose	Mickey McAuliffe
Poise	Ann Conley
Smile	Pat Ivins
Best-Dressed	Joan Williams
Pep	Pat Wight
Funniest	Patty Nash
Good Sport	Ruth Ann Sansom
Legs	Joanne Goosman
Big Flirt	Carol Brokaw
Athlete	Greta Volk
Noisiest	Carol Mygatt
Actress	Mary Major
Quietest	Joanna Voorhis
Figure	Ginny Rausch
Good Looks	Dale Bishop
Most Popular	Pat Wight
Happy-Go-Lucky	Mr. X

ELEMENTARY



H.S.B.



Elementary

SEVENTH GRADE—Carol Benedict, Elizabeth Boyer, Ann Burr Clevenger, Sheila Gallagher, Sally Henry, Elizabeth Anne Janke, Suzanne Kenny, Marybet Kler, Valery Martin, Merry Roll, Anne Marie Seybold.

SIXTH GRADE—Dorothy Dunham, Lucie Ann Gallagher, June Haley, Barbara Henwood, Martha Jennings, Jean Lott, Katrina Voorhis.

FIFTH GRADE—Jean Ackerman, Kitty Chamberlain, Pamela Clark, Barbara Cook, Peggy Davison, Doris Dawe, Robin Gribbon, Cornelia Ladd, Sheila Langert, Sonia Loizeaux.

FOURTH GRADE—Suzanne Bartlett, Lois Callahan, Christine Loizeaux, Jane Major, Sandra Morse, Lindsay Muskat, Penny Schroeder, Gay Siccardi, Betsy Squires.

THIRD GRADE—Alden Johnson, Sally-Joyce McConley, Elizabeth Nash, Jane Saxe, Marian Smithers, Janet Werner.

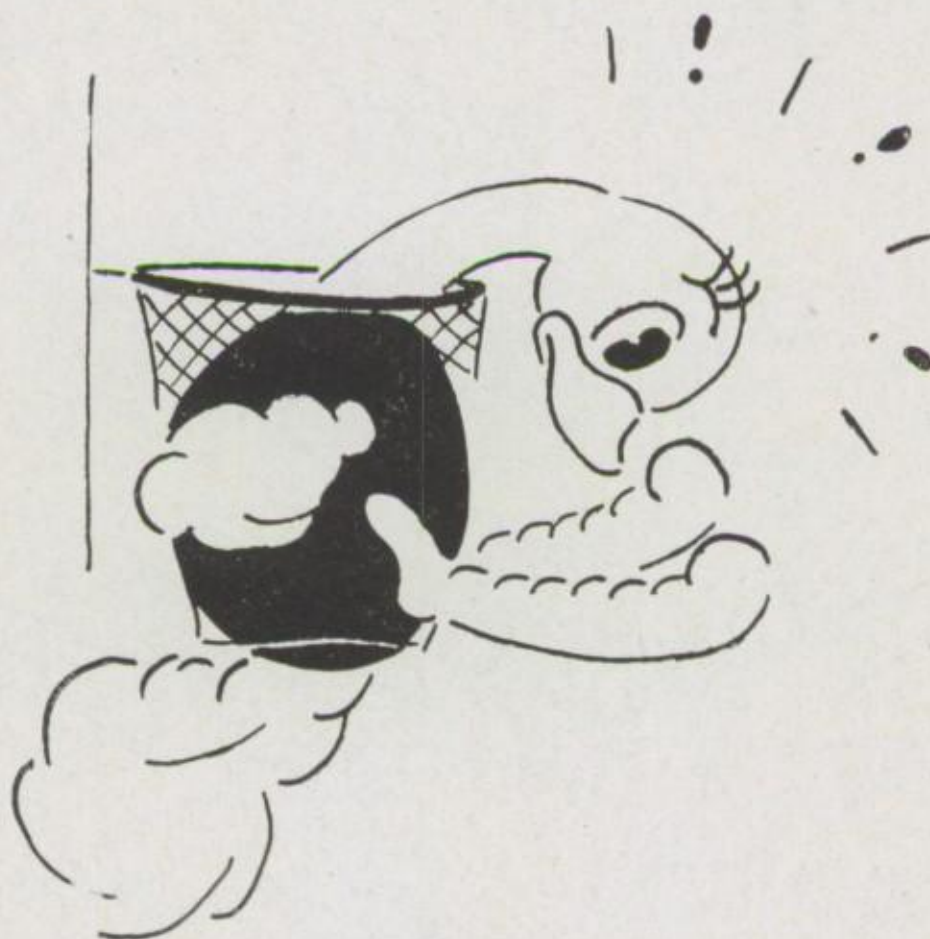
SECOND GRADE—Fredricka Buff, Beverly Day, Judith Geary, Betsey Hansen, Elizabeth Hayes, Jean Lobrovick, Katherine McBride, Margaret Miesse, Laura Pritchard, Ann Romer, June Schomp, Nancy Scott, Carol Siccardi.

Certain Seniors Will Never Forget . . .

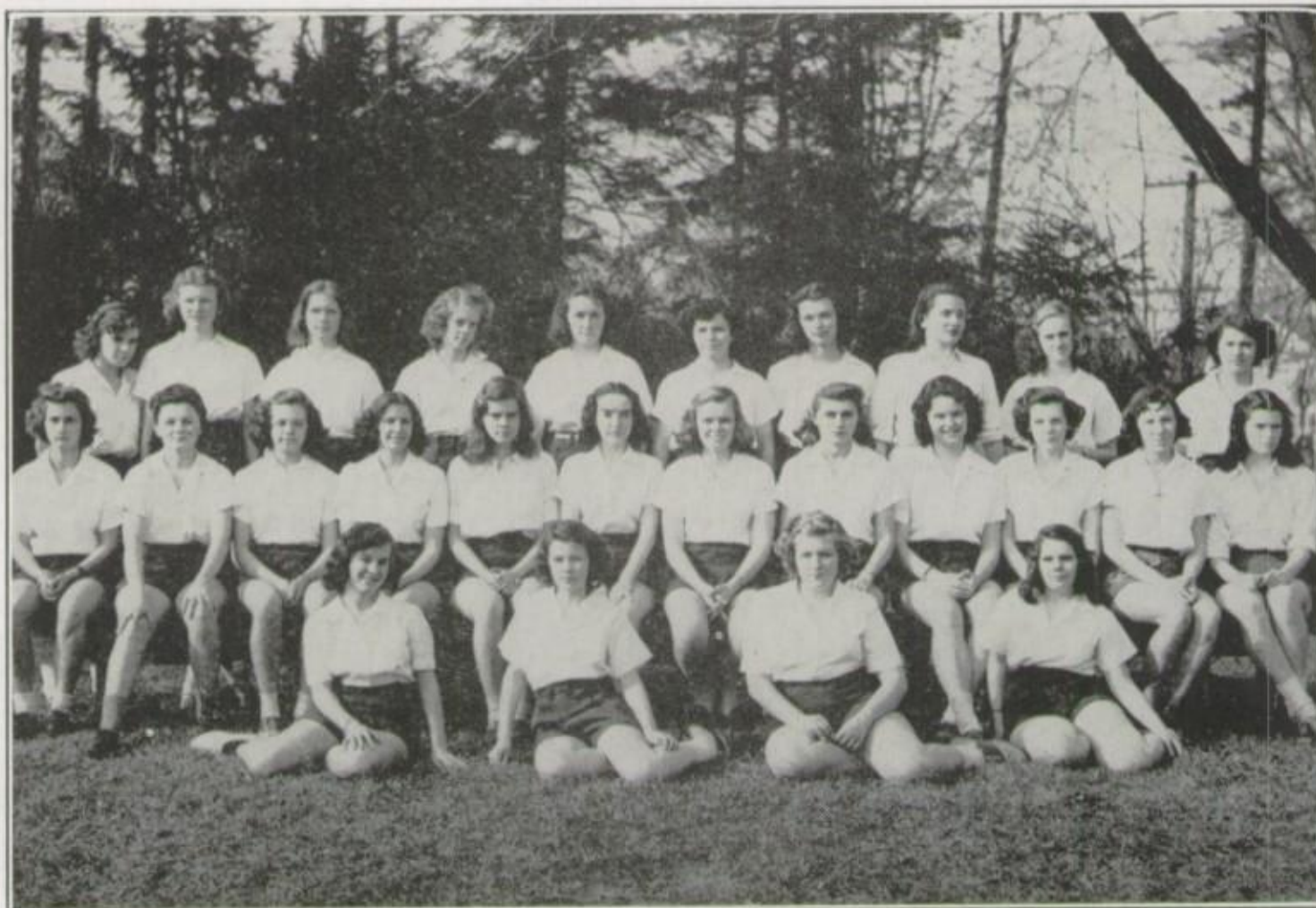
1. Ooli pooli.
2. Creeping cheezes, pussy-footing around.
3. Privilege of sitting on a chair.
4. \$6.00 for two hours.
5. My mother bought me a panty girdle
6. Somebody laid an onion in "Hamlet."
7. Our power of concentration in French class when other objectives appear in view.
8. Yes, yes, certainly that.
9. Rub amber and things cling to it.
10. The father of the son of that fish there.
11. Pahshun! !
12. To the ten of us
13. Butter and the sailor.
14. "Take out your notes on the Flavian emperors, buurrrp!"
15. The day behind the Clara Louise.
16. Goin' down somore!
17. "If you make a smell you don't expect, go under the hood."
18. Bucky's.
19. Butter's quitting Latin 'cause she didn't want to come back Fridays.
20. International House, the Cafe, Mr. X,
21. Miss Fine: "Joan, what is the past tense of come?" "Comed."
22. A box of "Snickers" to that lady!
23. "Would you mind coming in a little later, Helen?"
24. The Birdseed Girl.



SPORTS



H.S.B.



Green Team

PATRICIA WIGHT — Captain

V.
Marilyn Baker
Marjorie Bishop
Esther Borow
Joan Kelly

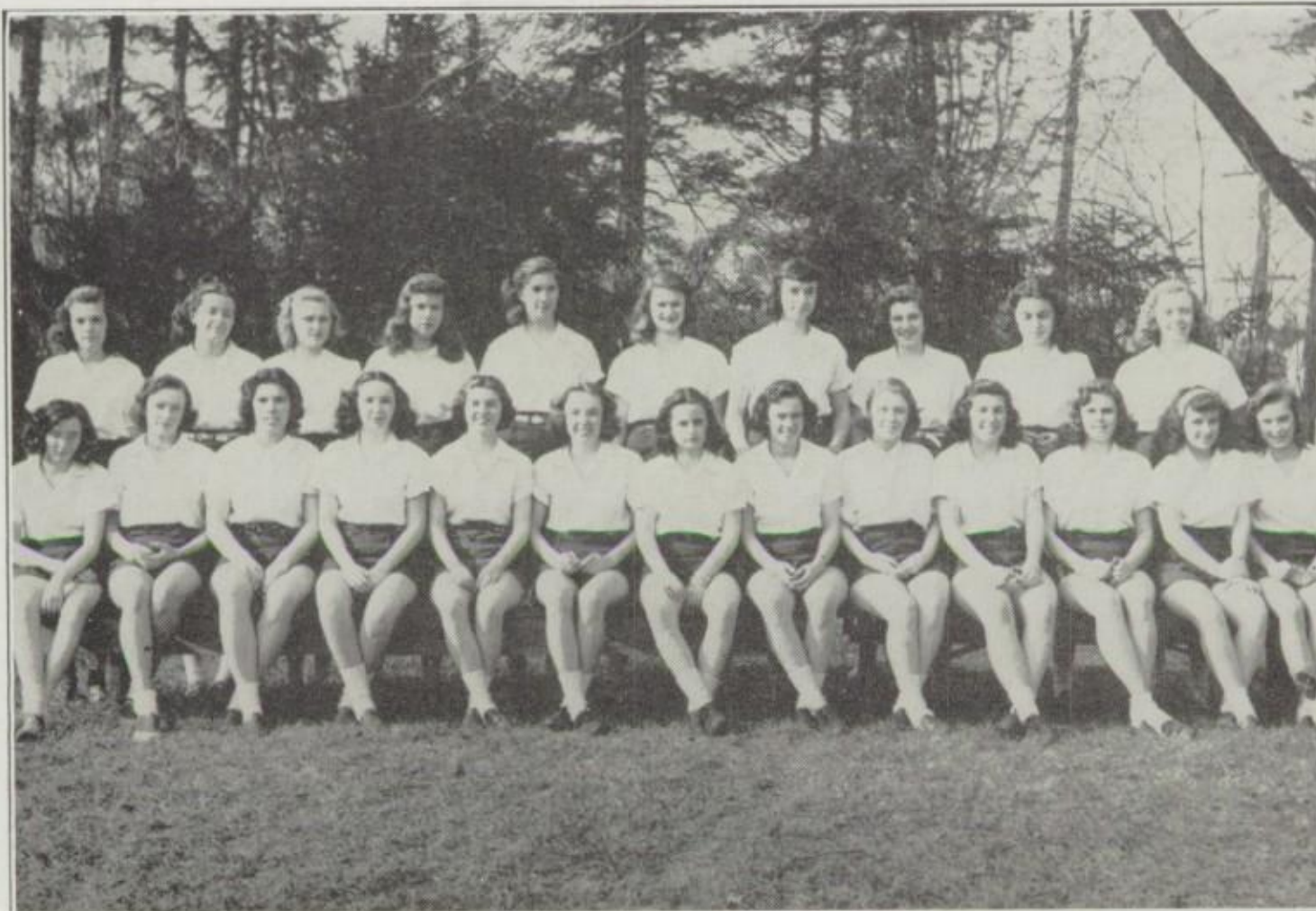
IV.
Barbara Begert
Carol Kuentz
Carol Mygatt
Ruth Ann Sansom
Barbara Sauer
Patricia Wight

III.
Jane Boyd
Carol Brokaw
Ruth Frank
Patricia Gray
Helen McMurray
Jane Scott
Polly Steele
Betty Van Buren

II.
Kathryn Barbehenn
Joanne Goosman

Kathleen Ladd
Peggy Loizeaux
Jean McPherson
Joy Mooney
Sue Randolph
Nancy Stirling
Magreta Volk

I.
Joan Du Bois
Martha Jane McAuliffe
Frances McBride
Barbara Tofte
Fairfax Urner



White Team

MARY ROCK — Captain

V.

Betty Butterfoss
Helen Buttfield
Joan Henwood
Frances Hummel
Virginia Linke
Wesley Martin
Mary Rock
Mary Valiant
Sara Wills

IV.

Joan Burke
Barbara Dawson

Patricia Ann Ivins
Joanna Voorhis
Joan Windatt

III.

Caroline Carver
Patricia Laing
Mary Major
Anne Morrell
Leslie Muskat
Patricia Nash
Virginia Rausch
Joan Williams

II.

Ann Scott Chambliss
Sprague Du Bois
Francine Jupp
Cynthia Olsen

I.

Cynthia Barr
Dale Bishop
Ellen Brockway
Ann Conley
Elizabeth Pfannmuller
Cornelia Pierce



Varsity Hockey Team

PATRICIA WIGHT — Captain

Marilyn Baker
Esther Borow
Helen Buttfield
Barbara Dawson
Patricia Gray
Joan Henwood
Patricia Ann Ivins

Helen McMurray
Anne Morrell
Magreta Volk
Joanna Voorhis
Patricia Wight
Joan Williams
Joan Windatt



Varsity Basketball Team

BETTY BUTTERFOSS — Captain

Betty Butterfoss

Joanne Goosman

Patricia Wight

Helen McMurray

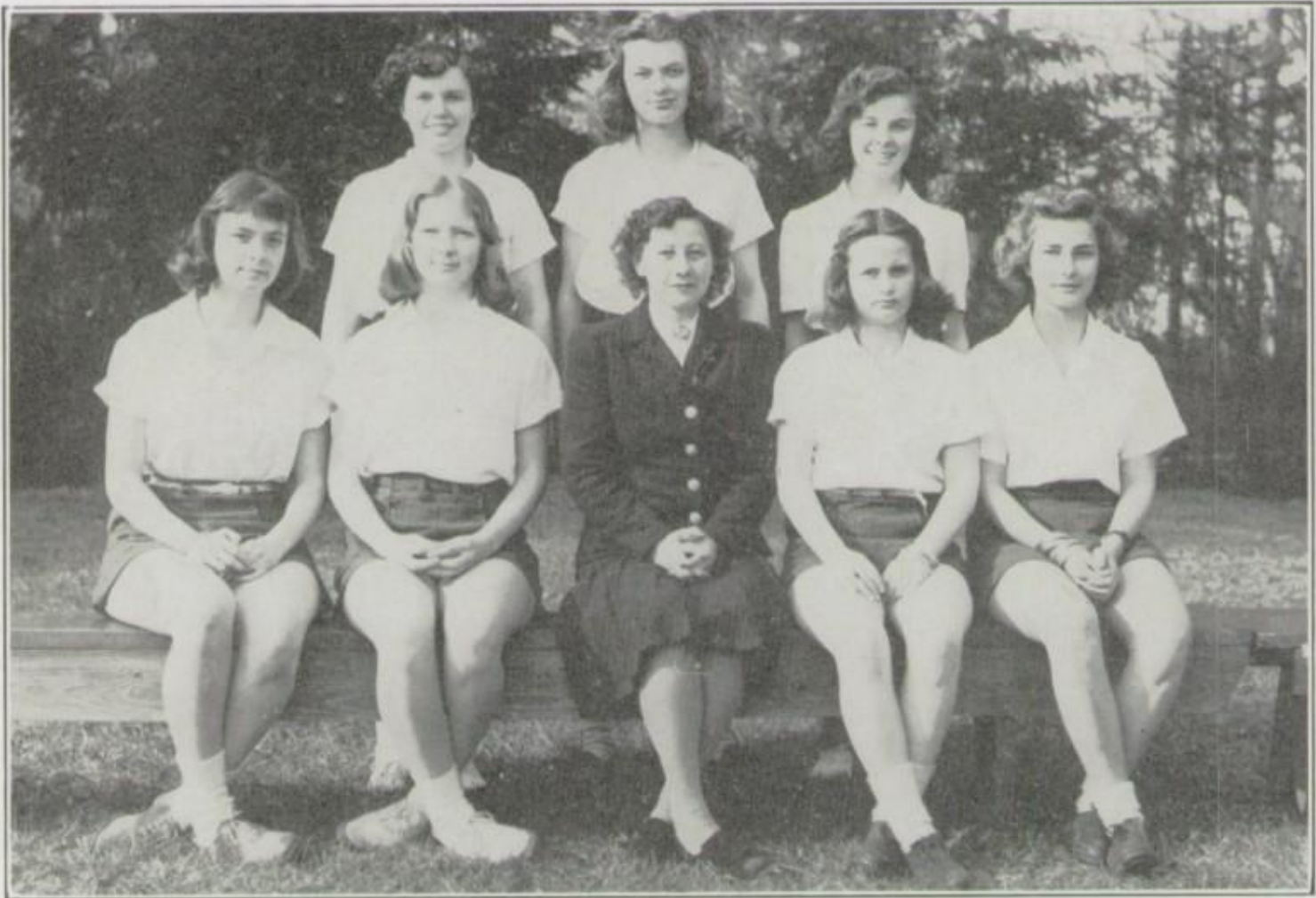
Barbara Dawson

Anne Morrell

Joan Windatt

Marilyn Baker

Mary Rock



Athletic Association

Joan HenwoodPresident
Caroline KuentzSecretary-Treasurer
Marjorie BishopV Academic Representative
Joan WindattIV Academic Representative
Helen McMurrayIII Academic Representative
Joanne GoosmanII Academic Representative
Martha Jane McAuliffeI Academic Representative
Kathryn OndricekFaculty Adviser

Sports Events

November 2—We had two sizzling hockey games with Kent Place and came out on top with the Varsity.

November 10—We went to the hockey tryouts at Vail Deane, and Helen McMurray graciously saved the day for us.

November 12—After an almost man-to-man battle, the Green and White game tied.

November 16—We all came home in an absolute dither as we had defeated the unbeaten-for-six-years Vail Deane hockey team.

November 19—The Juniors embarrassed the Seniors by walking off with the class hockey victory.

November 26—The Greens and Whites tied again! It was a wonderful game.

March 1—We were duly embarrassed when Kent Place walked all over us in basketball, but then we can't take all the honors.

March 4—Juniors are much too good; they played a ripping game of basketball and came out on top.

March 6—The shivering Whites met the uncontrollable Greens for the do-or-die basketball game. Everyone screamed, but the Greens were victorious. Score 29-27!



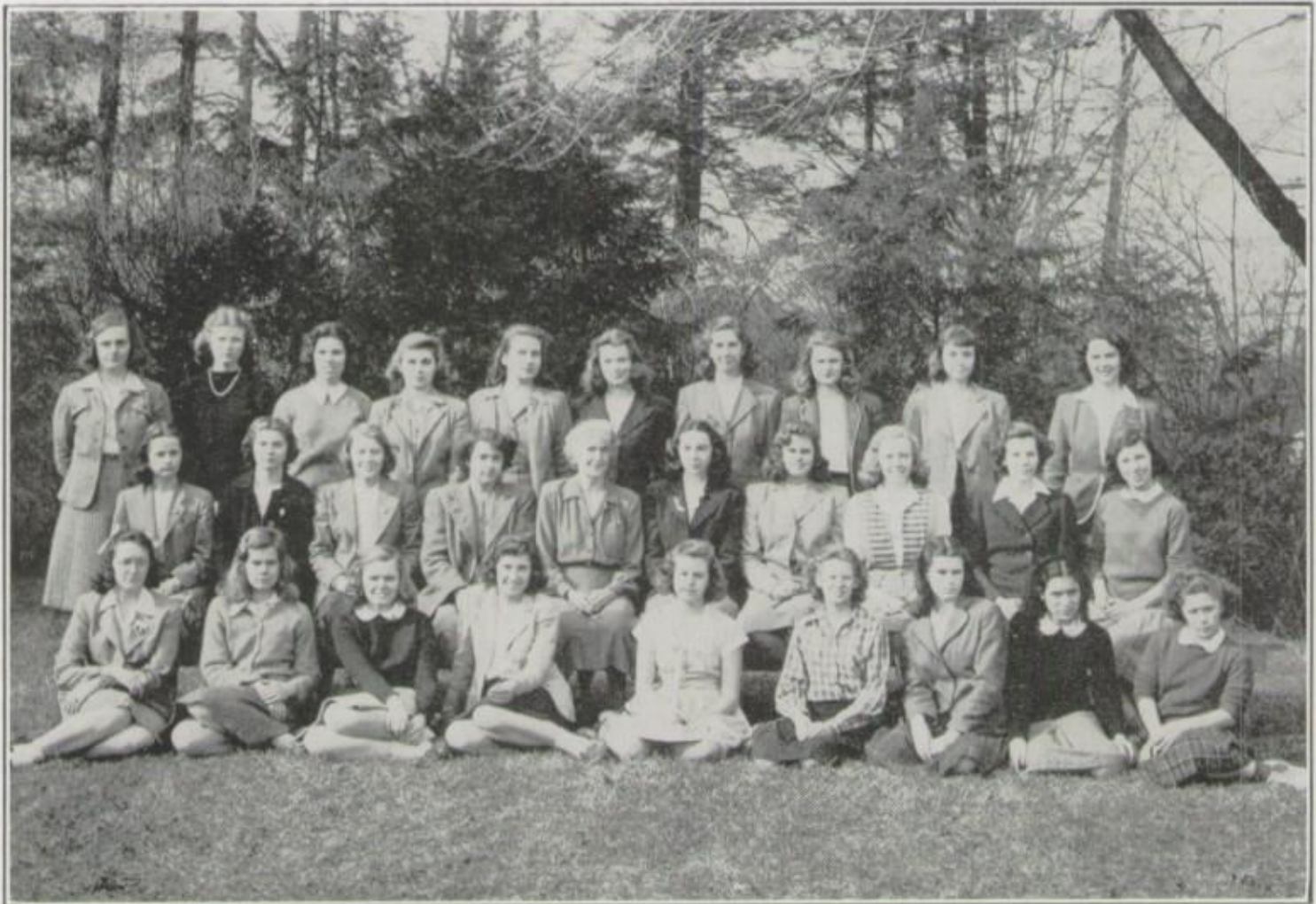
Prize Picture
Peggy Loizeaux



CLUBS



H.S.B.



Dramatic Club

Virginia Linke — President
 Esther Borow — Secretary-Treasurer
 Elsie Goddard — Director

V.		III.	
Marilyn Baker	Joan Henwood	Carol Brokaw	Leslie Muskat
Marjorie Bishop	Joan Kelly	Ruth Frank	Patricia Nash
Esther Borow	Virginia Linke	Patricia Gray	Jane Scott
Betty Butterfloss	Wesley Martin	Mary Major	Polly Steele
Helen Buttfield	Mary Valiant		
IV.		II.	
Joan Burke	Carol Mygatt	Kathleen Ladd	Joy Mooney
Barbara Dawson	Patricia Wight	Peggy Loizeaux	Sue Randolph
Patricia Ann Ivins	Joan Windatt		

THE HARTRIDGE SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB

presents

HARRIET

by

Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

Characters in order of appearance:

Auntie Zeb	Barbara Dailey
Henry Ward Beecher	Mary Major
Catherine Beecher	Virginia Linke
Harriet Beecher Stowe	Wesley Martin
Calvin Stowe	Mary Valiant
William Beecher	Sue Randolph
Edward Beecher	Jane Scott
Mary Beecher Perkins	Patricia Nash
Charles Beecher	Kitty Ladd
Thomas Beecher	Joy Mooney
Isabella Beecher	Carol Brokaw
Dr. Lyman Beecher	Patricia Gray
Mr. Tuttle	Leslie Muskat
Mr. Wycherly	Ruth Frank
Celestine	Polly Steele
Freddie Stowe (as a child)	Joan Henwood
Mrs. Hobbs	Joan Kelly
Freddie Stowe (as a young man)	Peggy Loizeaux
Georgie Stowe	Patricia Ann Ivins
Hatty Stowe	Barbara Dawson
Eliza Stowe	Patricia Wight
Jerusha Pantry	Helen Buttfield
Lowell Denton	Joan Windatt
Sukey	Leslie Muskat
Haley	Ruth Frank

Act I —The dining-sitting room of the Stowe cottage in Cincinnati.

Scene I —The winter of 1836.

Scene II —Some years later. A July morning

Act II —The back parlor of the Stowe house in Brunswick, Maine.

Scene I —A spring afternoon. Many years have passed.

Scene II —Late afternoon. The following December.

Scene III —Some months later. A sunny afternoon.

Act III—Living room of the Stowe mansion, Andover, Massachusetts.

Scene I —April, 1861.

Scene II —July, 1863.

Scene III—Two weeks later.

Scenery Painted in Art Department under Miss Elsie Nelson, Helen Buttfield, Joan Kelly

Properties—Carol Mygatt, Joan Burke

Tickets—Esther Borow

President of Dramatic Club—Virginia Linke

Dramatic Director—Miss Elsie Goddard



Art Club

Helen Buttfield — President

Joanna Voorhis — Secretary-Treasurer

V.

Marilyn Baker
Marjorie Bishop
Helen Buttfield
Virginia Linke

III.

Carolyn Brokaw
Caroline Carver
Anne Morrell
Betty Van Buren

II.

Kathryn Barbehenn
Joy Mooney
Peggy Mueller
Cynthia Olsen
Magreta Volk

IV.

Barbara Dawson
Joanna Voorhis

I.

Cynthia Barr
Elizabeth Pfannmuller



Glee Club

Marilyn Baker — President
 Patricia Ann Ivins — Secretary-Treasurer
 Esther Borow — Librarian
 Patricia Wight — Librarian
 Dorothy H. Lyall — Director

V.

Marilyn Baker
 Esther Borow
 Joan Henwood
 Joan Kelly
 Wesley Martin
 Mary Rock
 Mary Valiant

IV.

Barbara Begert
 Barbara Dawson
 Patricia Ann Ivins
 Caroline Kuentz
 Ruth Ann Sansom
 Barbara Sauer
 Joanna Voorhis
 Patricia Wight
 Joan Windatt

III.

Jane Boyd
 Patricia Gray
 Patricia Laing
 Mary Major
 Anne Morrell
 Leslie Muskat
 Jane Scott
 Joan Williams

II.

Kathryn Barbehenn
 Barbara Dailey
 Sprague Du Bois
 Francine Jupp
 Kathleen Ladd
 Peggy Loizeaux
 Peggy Mueller
 Sue Randolph
 Nancy Stirling
 Magreta Volk

I.

Ellen Brockway
 Ann Conley
 Joan Du Bois
 Martha McAuliffe



Library Committee

Chairman	Marilyn Baker
Treasurer	Helen Buttfield
Fifth Academic Representative	Mary Valiant
Fourth Academic Representatives	Barbara Begert
	Carol Mygatt
	Ruth Ann Sansom
Third Academic Representative	Helen McMurray
Second Academic Representative	Sprague Du Bois
Faculty Adviser	Janet B. Fine

LITERARY



Third-Fourth-Fifth Academic Prize Theme

COMPANION FOR AN HOUR

I was strolling along the beach one afternoon. The sun shone and sparkled like green crystals through the slowly pounding breakers. They heaved a final great sigh and crept up to my feet. The sand was a huge shining fringe of gold, which stretched as far as I could see. Gulls swooped lazily in the cloudless sky, and their shrill screams were cut short by the stiff sea breeze. Looking ahead up the beach, I saw a small figure sitting in the sand. I shaded my eyes from the glaring sun and looked again to make sure it wasn't just a shadow formed by the rolling dunes. Yes, it was a figure. As I came closer, I saw that it was a small child. It was seldom anyone came to this desolate spot, and I was amazed to see so small a child. It was a little girl. She couldn't have been more than five years old. She definitely wasn't pretty, but there was an appeal about her. I sat down to rest quietly beside her. Turning her head she smiled cheerfully.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," she whispered.

"Isn't it a lovely day, especially here by the ocean?" I asked.

"Oh, it certainly is," she whispered again. "I do love to sit looking out at the ocean and pretend. I like to hear the music in the wind."

"Yes," I said, "it's always here on days like today." We sat in silence listening. She staring at the sea, and I looking at her. Her plain brown hair was braided in one braid down the middle of her back. But it was her eyes which fascinated me. They were huge, dark wells with long thick lashes. But they had no feeling; they were the eyes of a person who had seen too much. The rest of the young face radiated peace, and we both sat there perfectly at ease with each other. It was peculiar, this feeling of contentment with this little girl I had never seen before.

While we had been sitting, the wind had increased. It was blowing violently, when suddenly I saw, out in the ocean, a rolling mountain churning toward us. It's strange how on calm days a strong wind will come up suddenly and change the ocean into a madly pounding monster.

"Look out there!" I cried. "That wave will drench us! We had better move quickly." The wave was almost in now. I jumped up and pulled my companion to her feet. "Back this way fast!" I shouted as I ran to safety. I didn't look at her in my excitement. I thought her to be right behind me. I turned just as the gigantic wave thundered not far from where we had been sitting. There was the child wandering helplessly down to the ocean. Her face was wretched with terror, and her thin arms were groping ahead of her. Although I couldn't hear her I knew that she was screaming for me. I raced down to get her, but not in time. The wave had knocked her down and was dragging her along the sand. The water tugged wildly at my feet, but I kept a firm foothold. As her fragile body plunged past me, I grabbed her skirt and held on, until the water had foamed back to the ocean. I pulled her up, and half dragged, half carried her to the dry warm sand. She didn't cry as she gasped for breath; she didn't utter a sound, and it wasn't until I had helped her dry off that I realized it. She was blind.

B. D., '47

Third-Fourth-Fifth Academic Honorable Mention Theme

PATIENT SLEEPING

I'm all right. Sure I am. I'm fine. I've been a little nervous, but I'm all right now. I'm having a rest-cure. That's what they tell me, anyway. I'm having a rest-cure and I can't see anybody. Only the doctor and the day nurse and the night nurse and the floor nurse and the head nurse and the tray girls and three or four orderlies. All I have to do is eat and sleep and not worry about anything and rest. And that's just what I am doing. I may not look it, but that's what I'm doing! A hospital is just the place to do it in. No one disturbs you. Not until seven o'clock, that is! And then all they do is wash you and give you some breakfast and wash you and clean the room, and then you can rest. You can till they wash the windows. And then you can rest till they want to clean the bathroom. You can rest while they clean the bathroom. You can. I can't. Not while the hospitals use tin basins, I can't. Certainly I'm not jumpy. I'm fine. I like having the basins banged around me. And I don't mind a bit if the nurse sings while she does it. It doesn't make me nervous—it makes me sick, but it doesn't make me nervous. And after they get the floor scrubbed, I can rest while they clean the rugs. They'll take them outside to clean them, and that's very considerate. They understand. They know I'm resting. They'll wait till I'm asleep and bring them back and drop them beside the bed with a nice dull thud. But I don't mind. I'm fine. And then I get my rub, and that's wonderful. All up and down my spine and I get sleepy again. And then the nurse tiptoes over and opens the window and tiptoes over and pulls down the shade, and then she moves all the furniture and washes a few tin things, and then she goes to lunch. Well, suppose she does leave the door open? I can get up and shut it, can't I? I'm not sick, am I? I'm just in for a rest. And after I shut the door, I can go fast asleep. I can till they ring the telephone. I know they have orders not to, but anyone can make mistakes. And, of course, they have to send up flowers. Even if there is a sign on the door that says, "Patient Sleeping," it doesn't say don't wake her, does it? I'm not complaining. After lunch I can rest. Unless the doctor comes. Well, I can rest when he leaves. I ought to be able to. It's quiet here. It says so in the street. There is a little riveting next door, but who minds that? I do, but I can't stop it, can I? I can't stop progress, can I? And I can't stop the radios. It certainly was a swell idea to put radios in hospitals. I wonder who thought that up?

I don't mind visitors across the hall. They have to shout, I don't mind it. After all, they have to cheer the patient up! They can't come in a hospital and let the patient think he's sick, can they? They have to be hearty. Sure they do. So stop biting the bedclothes, you dope. After dinner you can rest. After dinner and after your bath and after your milk of magnesia. Then you can rest. You aren't nervous, are you? You aren't going to let a little thing like a rest-cure upset you, are you? Certainly I'm not! I'm calm I'm swell. I'm not screaming I'm resting!

J. K., '46

First-Second-Third Academic Prize Theme

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

I always knew that Highball would get Pete in the end. It was frightening to realize that, and I lived with that terror in my heart throughout the Rodeo season, knowing that in time everything would be over.

Pete had worked for us for two years, when I was about fifteen and he nineteen. He was the best cowboy we had ever had, and that year if I remember correctly, I thought that I was in love with him. At any rate, he paid no attention to me and did a beautiful job of horse-breaking.

Now, after almost five years, seeing Pete again, I noted that he was still as tall and lean as ever, but more sober and serious, quite a change from the debonair boy he had been. He was friendly and nice and we spent long hours reminiscing. We laughed over my old crush on him and discovered that we were staying at the same hotel, the Belvedere, across from the Garden. We had good times together, but I felt pretty low, mainly because of Highball, and because Pete was like a lost child, clinging to me for support. The strangeness of everything made him feel like an outsider.

The first time Pete met Highball was the second day of the Rodeo. The master of ceremonies announced, "Peter Dunn, in chute number three, rides Highball." I was sitting astride the chute gate helping him on and giving him a pep talk at the same time. Highball was a well-known killer who had murdered many riders and had bucked every one off, so you can see why Pete needed it.

As Pete eased into the saddle, Highball turned his head ever so slightly and gazed back at Pete. There was respect in his eyes for Pete as well as loathing. I looked at Pete to see the same expression in his eyes. My heart skipped a beat. Before I could say anything the chute opened, and Highball was out like a streak of lightning, running and bucking at the same time. He would gallop a few paces and swing around in a dizzy circle, and then sunfish and jackknife, and begin all over again. It was a frantic hateful struggle between the man and the horse. The horse was outdoing himself to kill the man in a devilish, scheming way, and the rider was straining and forcing the horse to break. I began to feel how Pete must have felt; that awful detached way your head feels from the rest of your body when a horse bucks the way Highball did. Pete's face was strained and determined, fighting as hard as he knew how. Just before he went off, his eyes sought mine and the despair in them caught at my heart. His head began to wobble and his knees to weaken. I screamed at him to STAY ON! He buckled and went off.

Highball's eyes gleamed satisfactorily as Pete got up and limped toward me.

"It was a grand ride while it lasted, Pete," I said and he smiled wanly, but I could see in his eyes hatred and determination. He would stay on next time if it killed him. Then I knew.

Pete wasn't scheduled to ride Highball till the next week again, and I lived in an agony of waiting. He was the fifth rider out and I stayed as near to him as possible. Before he got on, he smiled at me confidently and slapped me affectionately on the shoulder. I whispered, "Good luck."

Highball was out like a shot bucking savagely. No other rider had stayed on Highball, and each one had taken an awful beating. He was bucking in a new way, crow-hops and spinning, every inch of him fighting madly and cruelly to kill Pete, but Pete sat him like no other rider had ever sat a horse. The contestants were aware of the terrible struggle and the magnificent way Pete rode. My heart burst with pride, and yet I was in a nervous and clammy sweat. Suddenly the buzzer rang, and I was filled with a relief that flooded my body. I turned and saw the audience relax.

.....

Suddenly a woman screamed! Every moving part of me stopped. Highball hadn't finished. He had kicked a pick-up man's horse and Pete was still on. His face was white and every muscle in his neck and face stood out in straining cords. His head began to snap and his eyes rolled. Highball swapped ends viciously and Pete tumbled off. As he went down, Highball kicked him resoundingly in the head. The crack echoed and re-echoed through the stands, and all was silent.

Highball walked away and stood defiantly. Pete lay on the ground a crumpled, broken body. I stood frozen, no breath left in me to scream.

Suddenly I found the strength and ran out into the arena. Oblivious to everything else, I went on my knees beside Pete. I gathered him up in my arms, crying his name. I looked into his face and saw the blood gush across it. I put him down and stood up stiffly. Terrible sobs racked my body. I stared blindly ahead.

As I stood there, I realized too late what my fifteen year old heart had been trying to tell me.

S. R., '49

• • •

Sixth-Seventh Grade Prize Theme

THE COMING OF THE LADY SLIPPER

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, in a country known by few, there lived a youthful and exceedingly beautiful princess. She was in love with a neighboring Prince of sixteen years or so, but by unfortunate happenings the Prince was exiled with his father, His Majesty the King, on an island. Upon hearing this news the Princess mourned for his love and so became useless and was beyond consolation.

After a while (at least four months) the Princess fell ill from no exercise and under-nourishment. The King, being very close to her, summoned the best physicians from all over the world. Upon examination, it was found that only eating what was put before her, and complete happiness would cure the child. When asked what could be done to make her happy, she feebly replied to bring the Prince to her. She was promptly told and without much thought, but not unkindly, that it was impossible. But after looking up important data, it was found that he could be set free. No one thought to tell the Princess and presumed that they would surprise her with his presence as soon as possible.

As you might know, with entanglement of legal rights and such, it was thought that it would take at least two months for his transportation to the mainland. Upon hearing that he would be reconciled with his beloved, the Princess, he was overjoyed.

But in the midst of the secret preparations, the Princess died, I am sorry to say, merely from disappointment.

Upon arriving, the Prince expected a royal reception, but instead he received only the mourning peasants and the sad music from within the castle walls. When he got there, he asked to be ushered to her chamber before she was carried away for the burial ceremony and procession. When he saw her lying so pale and thin and remembered her as being so lively, he dropped to his knees and openly wept. As she was carried out, one of her delicate slippers fell to the ground unnoticed.

As the Prince left the room, he saw it, and knelt to pick it up to fondle it. But as he stumbled down the stairs behind the procession, his heart failed, and as he reached the bottom, he fell, dead of a broken heart.

When the slipper, wetted by his tears, fell from his grasp, it took root and so became "The Lady Slipper," a flower.

V. M., '51

Miss Hurrey's Commencement Address 1945

Your Senior year at Hartridge has been a memorable one throughout the world. By dedicating your Annual to the Hartridge Alumnae in the Services, you have shown in one way how this war influences all your thinking and planning. War years throughout history have always been full of sorrow and confusion. It is only by your reactions to all this chaos that you can make something out of this period of unrest and turmoil. "Let us move forward with strong and active faith," was one of the last sentences written by the late President of the United States. You will find faith in the years that end this war and follow peace. But your faith must have a strength behind it, a strength that comes from the honesty of clear thinking plus the kindliness of true brotherhood. We hope that you have started this way of thinking in your years at Hartridge, and that you have learned to act in accordance with it, for a passive faith cannot survive.

You go out from this school with our thanks for what you have taught us and our faith in what you will make of the years ahead.



The members of the class of 1945 were:

Mary Wetherford Alden	Jeanne Eleanor Fezandie
Helen Lucas Bishop	Nancy Ann Mulford
Shirley Robinson Burke	Florence Felicia Runyon
Janet Speer Coan	Priscilla Atkinson Tietjen
Barbara Joan Davis	Jean Evans Martwick

Special Student: Jean Asta Packard

Alumnae Notes

ENGAGEMENTS

MONTA RHEA CAREY TO CHARLES W. SCHWEP
NANCY DARSIE TO GERALD R. PUTNAM
NORMA FINNINGER TO WARREN TAYLOR
MARY ELLEN LEGGETT TO DAVID POST
EVELYN MCGEE TO CARLOS H. SAMSON, JR.

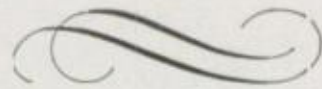
MARRIAGES

ELIZABETH M. BARR TO CHARLES E. LOIZEAUX, JR.
CHARLOTTE BURKE TO ROBERT N. REPP
ADA CHILDERS TO LT. (J.G.) G. F. LANE, 2ND
BETTY CUTLER TO JOSEPH W. MATTHEWS
ANITA ELMES TO JOHN G. HENDRIE
LOUISE MORSE TO ANDREW MELICK TWEEDY, JR.
JEAN NELSON TO JOHN KERR COCHRAN
HELEN POUCHER TO DAVID D. THOMPSON
ELIZABETH RAMSEY TO HOWARD S. WOOD
CATHERINE TICKNOR TO DONALD CRAIGIE COMBIER
PATRICIA VOORHIS TO CARROLL C. GRINNELL
BETTY WALES TO KENNETH FOLSOM

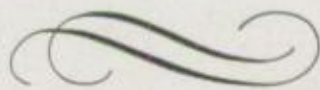
BIRTHS

TO LOUISE HUNN BARKER, A DAUGHTER
TO BARBARA GRAHAM BEATTY, A SON
TO ELIZABETH WIGTON BOURS, A DAUGHTER
TO DOROTHEA RICE BROWNING, TWIN DAUGHTERS
TO AUDREY BOWLBY CANNIS, A DAUGHTER
TO BETTY HARDENBERGH CARTER, A DAUGHTER
TO EMILY ROWLAND CHILDERS, A DAUGHTER
TO NAN LAING COCHRAN, A DAUGHTER
TO PHYLLIS BOOTH GREENE, A SON
TO MARGARET SUMNER HENDRIE, A SON
TO EVELYN JACOB LEAKE, A DAUGHTER
TO DEMETRIA HAMILTON LOOSLI, A DAUGHTER
TO CAROLYN WARING MACLEOD, A DAUGHTER
TO MARY ELIZABETH SHOEMAKER MINER, A DAUGHTER
TO LUCY VAN BOSKERCK POTTER, A SON
TO BARBARA RAUSCH PRIESTER, A SON
TO DANA TREWIN WIGTON, A DAUGHTER

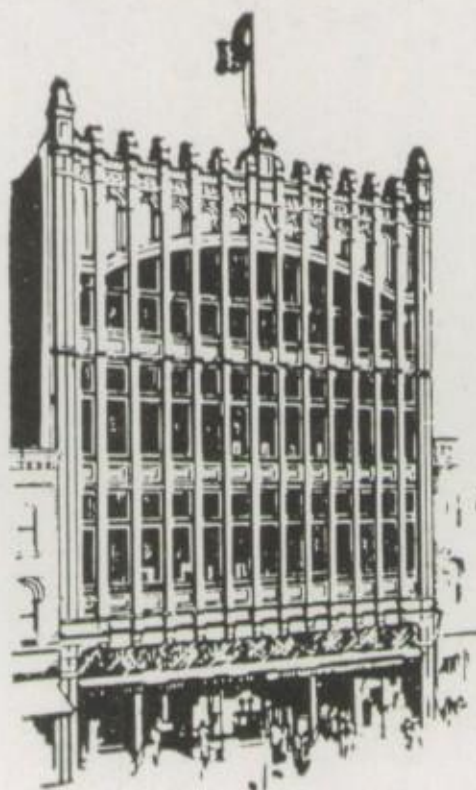
Autographs



COMPLIMENTS OF
THE PARENTS OF THE
SENIOR CLASS



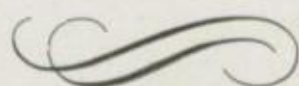
OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE



Tepper's

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

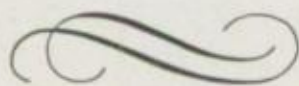


COMPLIMENTS OF

CALCO CHEMICAL DIVISION

American Cyanamid Company

BOUND BROOK, NEW JERSEY



OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

.....

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

.....

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

.....

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE SECOND ACADEMIC

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE FOURTH ACADEMIC

Compliments of

THE FACULTY

Compliments of

THE FIRST ACADEMIC

.....

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE GLEE CLUB

COMPLIMENTS OF

ROSENBAUM'S

GEORGE W. BANTLE

"Keep Your Spirits Up"

440 WATCHUNG AVENUE

Plainfield 6-9601

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

"SHE SAW NAUGHT BUT BEAUTY IN VANITY"

THE VANITY SHOPPE

COMPLIMENTS OF

CRESCENT FOOD MARKET

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

.....

COMPLIMENTS OF

VOGEL & TANZER

664 SOUTH AVENUE, PLAINFIELD

Telephone: Plainfield 6-9373—9374—9375

DREIER'S ✓

Plainfield's Leading Sporting Goods Store

CAMERAS — PHOTO SUPPLIES — SPORT GOODS — LUGGAGE

TED'S RADIO SHOP

127 WEST SECOND STREET

Plainfield 6-1918

.....

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

Helen Elliott

**WONDERFUL HOMEMADE
CANDIES**

Plainfield
N. J.

Morristown
N. J.

RIVELES'

*Prescriptions - Drugs
Cosmetics*

227 E. FRONT ST. PLAINFIELD

Next to A & P
Phone Plainfield 6-8666

Andrew Haye & Son

"FAMED FOR FARMS"

167 North Avenue Plainfield 6-1617

Phone: Plainfield 6-8686

The Wishing Well

106 East 7th Street



*Gifts and Books for
Any Occasion*

Compliments of

**The Peg Grant Shop
SPORTSWEAR**

Opposite Public Service Building

Margaret Davis Shop

**DRESSES FOR EVERY
OCCASION**

623 Park Avenue Plainfield, N. J.
Eleanor M. Milne, Owner
Plainfield 6-7765

AL. WEIL

Fruits, Vegetables and Groceries
Fancy Fruit Baskets Made to Order

713 PARK AVENUE Phone Pl. 6-2954
Phone Plainfield 6-0891

The Garden

LUNCHEON — DINNER
12:00—2:00 6:00—8:00

SUNDAY DINNER
12:30—4:00

**150 EAST SEVENTH STREET
PLAINFIELD, N. J.**

(Two Doors West of Watchung Avenue)

Adding Machines
Typewriters

Repairs, Supplies
Sales, Rentals

**Thompson
Typewriter Exchange**

187 NORTH AVENUE
PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Plainfield 6-0644

M. N. THOMPSON
Sales Representative

Park Super Market

Park Avenue at Seventh Street
Plainfield, New Jersey

Telephone: Plainfield 6-3545

MERLE RADIO

RADIO — TELEVISION — REFRIGERATORS
RANGES — WASHERS and APPLIANCES

SALES AND SERVICE

110 EAST SEVENTH ST.
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Compliments of

The Park Florist

Compliments of

Jane Logan

Snyder Bros.

FLORISTS

314 Park Avenue Plainfield 6-2286

Compliments of

LAZAAR'S

E. 2nd ST. and WATCHUNG AVE.

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

TAYLOR'S JEWELRY STORE

115 PARK AVENUE
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Plainfield 6-0820

Established 1868

SWAIN'S ART STORE

Pictures - Framing - Paintings Restored

317 WEST FRONT STREET

Telephone Plainfield 6-1707

COMPLIMENTS OF

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. ✓

GREGORY'S MUSIC CENTER ✓

New Jersey's Finest and Largest Music Shop

EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO MUSIC AND RECORDS

330 WEST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Plainfield 6-8549

EXPERT REPAIRING

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

Established 1921 Tel. Plfd. 6-9555

NUSBAUM'S ✓
*Interior Decorators
Gifts*

Makers of
SLIP COVERS, CURTAINS, RODS,
DRAPERIES, VENETIAN BLINDS
222 West Front St. Plainfield, N. J.

Compliments of

C. L. Thorn

Compliments of

Montgomery Ward

19-35 WATCHUNG AVE.
PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Ladies' and Men's Garments
Remodeled, Altered, Repaired

REWEAVING FUR WORK

Coletta Brothers

TAILORS

Est. 1895

105 West 4th St. Plainfield, N. J.
Cor. Park Avenue Telephone 6-2611

FOR GRADUATION—

ASK FOR BOOKS FOR YOUR LIBRARY

THE PLAINFIELD BOOK SHOP, INC.

321 PARK AVENUE

Phone 6-4415

IF IT'S NEW AND SMART IN SHOES AND HOSIERY YOU'LL FIND IT AT

VAN ARSDALE'S

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

"The center of the business center"

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

COMPLIMENTS OF
C. M. PERLMUTTER

JO-JO'S SHOE REPAIR
"ADDS PEP TO EVERY STEP"

143 WEST FRONT STREET
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Plainfield 6-2770

COMPLIMENTS OF
VULCAN DETINNING COMPANY

DRAKE COLLEGE

WILLIAM C. COPE, D.C.S., Pres.

FRANKLIN G. HOAGLAND, B.S., Mgr.

Courses: SECRETARIAL - ACCOUNTANCY - STENOGRAPHIC

40 SOMERSET STREET

Phone: Plainfield 6-0344

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Open All Year — DAY - EVENING

Ask for our new Catalog!

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

Ida Gavett

402 PARK AVE.

Plainfield 6-3369

Compliments of

Joseph E. Church

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE THIRD ACADEMIC

COMPLIMENTS OF

ANNE WRIGHT

REAL ESTATE

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND

TRICKS AND JOKES AT

Simon's Toy Store

214 Watchung Ave.
Plainfield, N. J.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

TEMPORA ET MORES COMES WITH OUR IMPRINT

The Recorder Press

wishes a successful career

to each member of

The Class of 1946

510 WATCHUNG AVENUE, PHONE PL. 6-2860 PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

PRINTERS TO THOSE WHO APPRECIATE FINE PRINTING

"We'll Furnish Proof"

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE

"THE CLUB FOOT"

SERVICE WITH A "SOCK" AND "SHOED" OUT

BETTY E. BUTTERFOSS, Proprietor

Ab"SOLE"lutely no "HEELS" Allowed

OUR ADVERTISERS DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE



